



# Ink

*A Literary Arts Magazine*

Issue 20

Woodland Community College

Fall 2022

**Editors:** Bailey Brooks and Fatima Mushtaq

**Cover Art:** *Weird Cat* by Keira Ruesga

**Back Cover Art:** *EPSON005* by Daniel Zapata-Kraft

**Cover Poetry:** From “the death of my heart” by Fatima Mushtaq

**Printing:** Mike Wieber, Yuba College Print Shop

**Faculty Advisor:** Kevin Ferns, Professor of English, Woodland Community College

## **Submissions**

If you are a current student of Woodland Community College, Colusa County Campus, or Lake County Campus and would like to contribute to future issues, please see [wcc.yccd.edu/ink](http://wcc.yccd.edu/ink) for submission guidelines and deadlines.

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## **Thanks to Our Sponsors**

Special thanks to the Woodland Community College Administration and English Department, which provided the funding to print and distribute this issue of *Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine*. This magazine would not be possible in its current form without the support of Woodland Community College.

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## july

Fatima Mushtaq

and like that,  
lover june fled from the fright of our trauma from  
our democracy,  
first love that disappeared during the breeze of  
summer,  
first love that we won't be able to stop thinking  
about~  
june has left a sense of insanity.  
and with that,  
we try july,  
tomorrow when it appears on our porch,  
we'll have to pick it up like a package,  
lay it in our rooms like we do with ourselves,  
then it'll be forgotten that july was our second  
lover,  
the dearest attempting to cure us  
from the start of heating weather,  
the one who didn't give up on us,  
but then soon enough,  
august would take over in about 32 days  
and we wouldn't allow ourselves to get too  
attached to the idea of romance,  
for we never seen what that was,  
what it is,  
what it could be,

because we sit in our closets at eight in the  
morning  
figuring out why today we feel a bit black in our  
hearts,  
why our smile lines are not forming,  
why streams flow down on the mountains of her  
face,  
those cheeks july would hold  
and caress,  
but even that would be ruined- it was only a  
summer fling,  
because what was love when she'd lay on the  
green hill finding answers to living,  
when she'd swing below the oak tree  
overlooking the city of sweden,  
why had she been worried about june,  
when she had her baby july near her jugular vein,  
this season changes like the cherry blossoms once  
did,  
the petals that'd fall on our march faces while  
describing at the sorbet, shaved ice sky,  
summer was always a time for romance to be felt,  
respect to be held,  
and if not june then july,  
if not july then we'd be gone facing the earth,  
starving herself for the calmness of reassurance,  
and at midnight hours,  
marking the calendar that july is tomorrow,

july has come to love  
only for 31 days,  
a painstaking novel,  
a bittersweet fantasy.



*DSC01867 by Andrea Michel*



**one direction, but we pave our separate ways in  
the summers of our diabolical adulthoods**

Fatima Mushtaq

laying in lilac fields,  
it was you and i.  
gleaming at the sunset éclat sky  
dreaming of our soon to be future,  
wedding underneath the cherry blossom trees.  
our lust grew into a potion so majestic and pure.

and upon arrival of horrid nights,  
you ambushed the fright,  
protecting me as if i were your source of oxygen,  
graciously breathing me in before the settings of  
dawn.

now you lay nowhere near i.  
no longer caressing me in the midst of panic,  
for you have vanished.  
our memories have become an antique to i alone.

but i do ponder,  
whether you still reminisce  
of my glacé eyes  
when peaking high at the shooting stars,  
or the dulcet scent  
upon the euphonious breeze of summer.

i have surrendered.  
praying to Him to revive you once more,  
i'd hold you in the palm of my hand,  
grasp your paradisiacal essence  
on the land we roamed in the dior  
of changing seasons.

tonight,  
your presence lurks in the humid,  
my lips a bit dry due to lack of hydration,  
thirsting for the moisture of your sugared lips on  
mine.  
a desire too whimsical  
or a yearn for young love so desolated?

now midnight it is,  
the wind calling out your name often,  
and the breezes remind heaven  
of our soon to be reunion,  
an era we won't be able to resist,  
our hunger finally at an all ease,  
the fanatical senses of our rested souls.

# h o m e

Shellbie Jensen

home isn't a place.

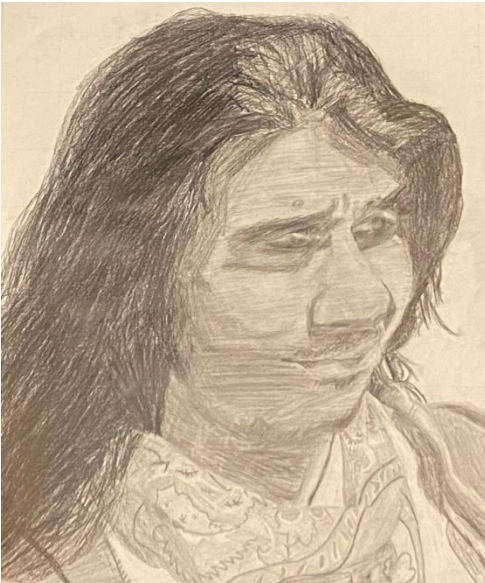
home is a memory.

home is a person.

home is a feeling, moments  
that stop time.

not everyone has a home,  
consider yourself blessed if  
you do.

home isn't a place.



*Untitled by Matthew Borelli*

**writing**

**september**

Fatima Mushtaq

i had forgotten to write  
to her.

september.

occupied by the chaos of society,  
the scandals of the public,  
the news of our peaking realities.

what is the truth?

montaigne states there is no "right"

i could manifest into my truth by writing,  
as i do so in this moment.

because baby september,  
i didn't mean to forget you.

i was so shocked and caught up by the destruction  
of love,

the consequences of crushing on somebody,  
that it didn't rush into my blood,

through my veins into my brain to let you know  
september,

i didn't mean to

criticize you in the ways i did.

feel ashamed or replay all the monthly moments  
which passed by.

because having fun and attempting to go out  
and enjoy ourselves had become a failure.

another setting/environment for overthinking.  
i didn't mean to do this all.  
collapse the palace with my mistrust.  
with my abstruse worship to God.  
my beaten hands and cut off tongue lying in the  
meadow -  
do you still watch nature september?  
do you wish somebody could revive you?  
wash your soul clean, paint it fair toned. do you  
wish?  
oh september if you were alive in these days,  
oh baby girl i'd fall on my knees,  
i'd chase you after the sunset, i'd run through the  
shadows of the trees to see the sparkle in your  
eyes.  
to see the hope that i could never tell  
if you were dying or internally alive.  
as i stand at your gravestone today,  
on the 26th of september,  
i remember you by a tale that goes back to our  
ancestors.  
about what it means to reminisce  
about our forgotten children. escaped lovers.  
september if i had another chance,  
i'd occupy you in the ways everybody else abused  
part of your decaying soul.  
if only i had another chance to not bash you  
because you are me.

september my girl,  
she is me.  
i am september.



*Untitled using pen by Hanna  
Calimlim*

## **What I Really Meant to You?**

Osiris Vargas

“I feel different,” I told the moon,  
that was the first time I felt like shit.  
I took the regular night walk without you,  
another first time.  
With the stars looking at me for the whole time  
and that cloudy vision didn’t help me to proceed,  
I tried to figure out what we did.

This new schedule didn’t feel for us.  
I prioritized my life as you did with yours.  
I didn’t pretend to be a burden to you,  
but you acted as if I was.  
I couldn’t recognize your intentions,  
turning you into a stranger  
who one day went.  
A stranger who left me questioning  
What I Really Meant to You.



*Consolidating Paradise by Samuel Boddy*



*Image 0 by Gavin Stinson (colored sharpie, expo marker, and acrylic paint)*





*EPSON001 by Daniel Zapata-Kraft*



*EPSON009 by Daniel Zapata-Kraft*





*Image 1 by Gavin Stinson (acrylic paint and colored sharpie)*



*Untitled using colored pencil & marker by Hanna Calimlim*

**the devil returns in october; punishment of the fool**

Fatima Mushtaq

has the devil fallen in love with me?  
for when the night strikes ten,  
the devil kisses me goodnight  
as he watches me from my left side dozing off into  
the dusk.

prancing over me, making sure i have fallen asleep,  
so he can punish me.

sweat wets the sheets, or was it the blood of mine  
when he strangles me?

a recycling lesson that begins at three am,  
his glaring ichor eyes that stare at me with the  
burning flames of hell.

his eyes- his eyes make me wish i were blind,  
for what punishment is this that i rot in bed each  
time.

he won't leave me alone.

he returns dancing in the corners of my apple room  
snacking on my nightmares.

his ghoulish laugh that echoes to the animals in the  
yard,

darkness which swims around.

the frightened moon ambushing away from hell's  
vicious monster.

the devil so bloody thirsty for me.

the devil who won't let me enjoy my visit of  
october.  
the devil who is ready to feast upon me.  
the devil who will kill me for the next 31 nights.



*DSC01907 by Andrea Michel*

**Save my soul**

Melissa Miller

God save my soul

As I fall to hell

My time's run out

The end has come

This is all there is

So please

As I lay me down to sleep

I pray the lord my soul to

keep

And if I die before I wake

I pray the lord my soul to

take

**what is a whore because if i am one, they will burn  
me at the stake sunday night.**

Fatima Mushtaq

they consider her the modern day witch,  
a whore she is according to society  
when seeking self pleasure or hanging out with a  
man, they force her to feel ashamed.  
society has shunned her.  
taped her mouth, cut her tongue out.  
another woman they found to be a displeasure, a  
disgrace to her culture,  
disrupting the harmony of society, a disgusting  
whore she is.  
because she sought out to see a man.  
and the blame goes onto her, so they have yet to  
trim her fingers off,  
they'll punish her in the ways the devil will once  
she's beneath the ground.  
her reputation on flames, and he can drive away  
from this meet up peacefully, without a worry of  
being crucified if the public finds out.  
she is a woman in a society who injects her with  
guilt when she speaks to a man, seeks a man.  
a whore - is that all she is?!  
a lunatic, a sex addict, a slag?

she is innocent than the ones with their hands tied,  
they fail to believe her objection because as a  
woman,  
what are you doing with a man in his vehicle? as a  
woman, what are you doing if you glance at a man  
for more than five seconds? as a woman, what are  
you doing if you don't give away your body so  
easily? isn't your body a sex toy for them, only to  
their accustomed pleasure,  
yet when it comes to your use, you can't share  
your piece of cake. if you do,  
you're a whore.  
if society finds out,  
if the men with the torches and lurid eyes know  
where i stay,  
they'll drag me out of my bed by my hair falling  
into chunks, leaving a trace - a trail to the tree  
they'll hang me on.  
why would a woman ever want to seek pleasure  
for herself?  
is she crazy?!  
unless she's a payment through her body -  
whore.  
demented witch,  
they're going to burn me at the stake sunday night.  
so if you receive this message with my hands they  
have yet to cut off,  
help me



please,  
for society has shunned me,  
and the shame is molding through my ears into the  
portals of my brain,  
cutting my circulation by four percent.  
save me,  
but if you choose to save yourself, go.  
go before they catch you on your next flight while  
fleeing the country.  
if they find out the acts you've done with men,  
even if it was all non sexual,  
they'll kill you.  
one less whore - they think they're helping God  
out.  
if you are a woman reading this,  
run.  
before you're after me on the stake with my blood,  
or the rope with my flesh,  
or the last level- the crucification - my impurity  
melting on the heat of the cross.  
run.  
or you're next.

## the death of my heart

Fatima Mushtaq

each one of my prayers about him was answered,  
“My Lord, help him reply to me”  
“My Lord, may we get closure”  
“My Lord, i ask for so much, oh please”  
and then the discovery of my emotions had  
appeared on the prayer mat at 5:33 in the dawn of  
it all.  
“My Lord, i think i like him - “  
the brief moment of silence,  
this is the truth.  
i’ve spoken with honesty,  
my prayers coming alive,  
for him - the one my feelings tend to swarm a  
circle around my hopeful heart.  
oh you,  
you who hears this message.  
what more do i want when my duas were  
answered?!  
why is mankind created ungrateful -  
on rewind, as i have yet to answer the question  
why i still crave something more.  
as you flip through the pages,  
do you think i want him?  
in all honesty,  
because i keep telling myself i yearn to talk to him

and if that hasn't happened already and where we  
are at the moment,

then i guess i do want him to be mine...

or not ?

i have these feelings erupting like a volcano,

the flames will burn me one day,

kill me in the heat and striking of love.

i will die from experiencing this if it doesn't stop  
now,

you must warn the readers,

must warn my audience who's been known about  
my liking towards him,

they knew,

and yet i didn't.

who do i be mad at for this horrid?

tell me what you know,

all of it.

what is the universal belief? that i do, or that i  
don't.

is there a clear line between the two decisions?

why won't he put more effort? he's not mine, so  
clearly he won't.

but i want a conversation, did i not have one  
already?

what more can a young girl crave when her body is  
the hormonal destruction of emotions.

if i must come clean,

he could break my sobriety,

he'd be the drug healing my commitment wounds,  
the drug i'd taste and kiss all up on - his lips,  
his erupting smile bringing a climax onto me.  
if i turn to my side, he will be there.  
my body twisting and turning in ways i never  
experienced until him.  
and the audience found out about us before i did.  
they knew i was in denial.  
or how i still am.  
you must think i'm far behind, don't you?  
how recent it was that i learned how he could be  
mine if i wanted him so bad.  
how bad of a drug do i want in my bloodstream,  
him injecting me with his fluids,  
i'd die before i'd get a last breath out.  
he would kill me without the intentions of doing  
so,  
oh we all know for a fact,  
he is dangerous,  
his love will rip me up, leave me on the side of the  
curb, snatch my soul away, rob me of my heart,  
leaving me soulless, breathless, speechless in the  
falling season.  
a crime certainly has been committed,  
me falling for him?  
or him pushing away again and again?  
he says if you have enough self discipline,  
you won't catch feelings.

i don't believe so.  
glance over at me on the cold, tile floor,  
murdered by the drugs opening her cherry work of  
art,  
work of death.  
he knows he knows oh he knows  
i like him.  
he knows,  
and he takes advantage of it all, distancing himself.  
if i could kiss him to solve this delusion,  
i would.  
easily, for the enjoyment or the saving of my  
future,  
i would in a matter of seconds lose myself in his  
hands.  
the illusion of love,  
so striking and murderous.  
and my audience knew all along:  
you, My Lord, them, and him.  
not the writer of this catastrophe though.  
how come?  
how does he make me feel the night after his  
friend found out?  
embarrassing, he makes me want to rip the world  
up like a page out of my books.  
he makes me go crazy and ill,  
if this continues i'll have to go to the er.  
get checked on for a deadly disease of emotions.

will he come to save me?  
my prince, i can stare into his eyes and see that  
sharp smile of his.  
have it cut my heart out,  
stab me with the scene of blood painting the room,  
his hands covered in a mixture of our potions.  
that's his murder weapon.  
the smile - the one i'd take in whenever i'd make  
him laugh.  
that smile will kill me.  
he will kill me.  
he already is.  
because  
i like him... oopsies.  
now what?  
can we save my life,  
it's in the hands of him.  
him as in my love or Him as in my Lord.  
answer the question before the monitor beeps off.  
i'm dying, if he isn't too, but he is.  
i dive deeper into my feelings and he throws his  
against the wall.  
we're both dying in the hands of one another.  
murderers we both are.  
striking each other for desired love  
and an unwanted future of being with him.  
dearly,  
he could be mine.

but i choose to have him kill me before i commit a  
crime of passion and love.  
i choose to die in denial.

rip fatima mushtaq

09/13/2022

6:18am

*(murder weapon found - his smile)*



*Untitled using graphite pencils, colored pencils,  
sharpie pen, acrylic paint marker pens by Maria  
Reyes Fabian*

## **Performer**

Melissa Miller

Do not touch me  
Do not come close  
I will tell you all you need to know  
But don't ask anyone else

Because  
It is all a facade  
Fake and untruthful  
My life is to perform for you

Walk into a room, steal the attention  
Create laughter and confidence in what is seen  
before your eyes  
Trustworthy, loyal, and honest  
Hardworking, smart, and a little off

I will perform until the day I die  
And only I  
Only I know how soon that day might be

As i perform until the last hour and last breath  
All will see a painted smile deep with laughter  
As I attempt to break these bones until they are  
better



## Meet Your Editors



### **Bailey Brooks**

This is Bailey's second time working on the *Ink* team and her second year at WCC. She plans to graduate next year with two degrees in English and Early Childhood Education. In her free time, she enjoys reading, writing,

and playing with her three dogs.



### **Fatima Mushtaq**

This is Fatima's third time working as an *Ink* editor. She is a sophomore at WCC and is currently studying Political Science. To keep herself entertained, she loves to write poetry, paint her lively imagination, read, crochet, and go on

adventures with friends and family.